AND SABBATH-SCHOOL COMPANION.

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TAME LION AND SAILOR.

When the lion has been brought under the dominion of man, he becomes strongly attached to those who treat him with kindness. A remarkable instance of this is related of one that was kept in the menagerie of the Tower of London. He had been brought from India, and on his passage was given in charge of one of the sailors. Long before the ship arrived in the Thames, the lion and Jack had become most excellent friends. When "Nero," as the lion had been called, was shut up in his cage in the Tower, he became sulky and savage to such an extent that it was dangerous, even for the keeper, to approach him.

After Nero had been a prisoner for being among the number, paid a visit to the menagerie. The keeper warned them not to go near the lion, who every now and then turned round to growl defiance at the spectators.

"What! old shipmate!" cried Jack, "don't you know me? What cheer, old Nero, my lad!"

The lion instantly left off feeding and growling, sprang up on the bars of the cage, and put out his nose between them. Jack patted it on the head and it rubbed his hand with his whiskers like a cat, showing evident signs of pleasure.

"Ah!" said Jack, turning to the keeper and spectators, who stood petrified with astonishment, "Nero and I were once shipmates, and you see he isn't like some folks; he don't forget an old friend."—*Friendly Visitor.*

THE LORD'S WORK.

A new temperance movement had been inaugurated, in which the churches were leading with great earnestness of purpose. They were counting their possible resources when one remarked:

"There is Miss Crosby. If she would come with us and give us her influence, she would count far more than any score of men or women in town, but she declines to do anything except in the way of giving money. She is a good woman and I have no doubt she is a Christian, but she is very exclusive. If she could be induced to join us we should have reason to rejoice."

"Is she a real Christian!" asked Mrs. Goodwin, an elderly woman who had not been long in town.

"No one doubts her piety," was the reply.

"Then, of course, she will do her duty when she sees what it is. I am poor, and plain and a stranger. I can't give much money or speak acceptable words in public; but I'll go and talk with Miss Crosby if you'll pray for me while I'm gone."

Everybody was surprised, but the evident sincerity of the woman forbade criticism. They acceded to her proposal, and she started on her mission.

In an elegantly furnished room Miss Crosby received her visitor, who said respectfully:

"You are rich and I am poor, but they told me you are a Christian, and so I ventured to come and ask you to come and do the Lord's work."

"The face shaded by the plain bonnet was so good and motherly that Miss Crosby could not but respond cordially:

"I trust I am a Christian, and I trust I am willing to do what I can for the master."

"I thought so, and it is a blessed thing when one like you is willing to do that. I told the ladies if they would pray for me I would come and ask you to join us in our temperance work."

"Do you mean that I should attend your meetings?"

"Yes, ma'am; come and talk and pray with us, and then go out and talk to those who need to put away their cups. When you once begin, the work will come right along, one thing after another, until you wonder you didn't see it all a great while before."

"I am willing to do what I can, but that is not my way of working."

"I am bold, I know, Miss Crosby, but we are both trying to make some return for the love wherewith Christ loved us, and if you haven't tried you don't know all you can do. I don't believe you would drink wine or offer it to anybody else."

"I will not do that, but—"

The woman looked at her, nothing doubting while the struggle went on in her heart. She was not troubled by the appearance of her name in public journals as a leader in society. Tributes to her scholarship, which were justly due, were by no means distasteful to her. But to appear as a pronounced social reformer, and especially as an aggressive worker for total abstinence, was a cross she was not prepared to accept.

"There are ten ladies praying for waiting for you, too. The Lord calls you to this work."

"If I was sure of that, I would try to do it," answered Miss Crosby. "Excuse me for a short time."

No sooner had she left the room than her visitor kneeled to pray, and when she returned she too knelt, extending her hand to her companion in unspoken sympathy. Then the elder woman's voice was heard in supplication that she to whom God had given ten talents might not withhold them from his service.

No more was needed. When Mrs. Goodwin appeared in the chapel where a few had met to pray, Miss Crosby was with her, ready to consecrate riches, culture, talents and influence, all to the work of temperance reform.

She had thought to choose her own work, but God had chosen for her, and in doing his service in his way she has been abundantly blessed.

Are there not hundreds of women in our churches called to this work, and whom God will hold to strict account for buried talents and unused influence if they fail to make a hearty response? Are you, my reader, one of these women?

I pray you see to it that in this matter you fail not of your duty.—*Banner.*

NERO.

A Man who Reads most of his time is not necessarily a wise man. True mental advancement is gained by thought, and those who are said to be "great readers" have usually neither time nor inclination for thinking. No one can grow strong by continually gorging himself with food; in like manner, no one can add to his mental vigor by feeding his mind beyond its power of digestion.

Temperance Department.

THE USE OF TOBACCO BY BOYS.

The New York *Tribune* of a recent date notes as an ill omen that the internal revenue receipts for the year ending June 30th will exceed those of previous years by the sum of $10,000,000, owing chiefly to the collections on cigarettes—this increase being chiefly due to the spread of cigarette-smoking among the boys. It is said that the women and girls also make every year a larger contribution to the revenue derived from cigarettes. These facts about boys and girls smoking ought to be the signal for war all along the line, among those who have to do with the young, against this growing evil. We are glad to note in this connection a fact, not new, but unknown to many, that in the Government Naval School at Annapolis tobacco is prohibited, and the Board of Visitors at West Point some time since recommended a similar rule for that institution. If we are to have military men of strong bodies and steady nerves, tobacco must be kept from them, at least during the period of growth. Tobacco is also prohibited to the students of Girard College, Philadelphia. General Grant, when visiting there, being informed of this fact, said, "That's right. They are not so apt to take it after they get out then." Most men who are themselves tobacco users would, if possible, prevent their sons and all other boys from getting into the same habit. While the use of tobacco undoubtedly injures men, it is much more injurious to those who have not yet attained their growth. It cuts off from the height of stature, and also from the length of life. The "British Medical Journal" says that a certain doctor, noticing that a very large number of boys under fifteen years of age were tobacco users, was led to enquire into the effect the habit had upon their general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven of them he observed injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of circulation, digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding at the nose; ten had disturbed sleep; twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored.

Scientific investigation show also that the use of tobacco by boys is decidedly injurious to the brain and mind. In 1862 the Emperor Napoleon, learning that paralysis had increased with the increase of the tobacco revenue, ordered an examination of the schools and colleges, and finding that the average standing in both scholarship and character was lower among those who used the weed than among the abstainers, issued an edict forbidding its use in all the national institutions.

"Chambers's Journal" says: "A learned professor of medicine in one of the universities some time ago made a remark that those students who passed through his hands rarely succeeded in distinguishing themselves if they were habitual users of tobacco. Smoking of cigars or pipes seemed to dull their faculties, and have the effect of preventing them from sedulously gathering facts sufficient to excel in examinations for degrees." Put with this the statement, which comes to us on what we deem good authority, that within half a century no young man addicted to the use of tobacco has graduated at the head of his class at Harvard College.

While tobacco in ordinary forms produces such damaging results in body and brain, it is a well established fact that cigarette-smoking is more injurious than any other form of smoking. A valuable little tract on "Disease in Cigarettes" has been published for general circulation by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New York, showing by numerous facts the poisonous qualities of cigarettes themselves and the paper in which they are wrapped.

Since a man, however strong his intellectual faculties, can accomplish his life-work but imperfectly if he has not a sound body as well as a sound mind, every parent and pastor and teacher in the land should join in an earnest and persistent crusade, by authority and argument and precept and example, against this widespread evil.—*Christian Union.*

OLD SANDY'S STORY.

"I'd take it very kind, Miss, if you would give me a drink of water; I've travelled from Branton this morning—"

"Oh yes, I'll bring you a drink this moment," cried little Amy, first looking at the old man who sat opposite the garden gate, and then running off to the house to get what he wanted.

Poor old Sandy sighed and leaned wearily against the trunk of the great beech-tree under which he sat. He had trudged thirteen miles that morning along the hot dusty road, with the July sunshine beating down on him all the way, and then, faint and parched, sat down under the first shade he came to, too tired even to pursue his usual trade and offer his buttons and lace at the cottage opposite.

In a minute the little girl came quickly down the garden again with a tumbler of whiskey and water in her hand.

"Here," she said, holding it out to him, "Mamma thought you'd like this better when you were so tired. Here!" she said again as the old man did not take it.

"No, no, thank you, little Miss, and thank your mother all the same; but if she had come through what I have, all owing to that stuff, she'd never offer it to anyone again. But I'd take some water, and be thankful to you, Miss."

"Oh, very well," said Amy good naturedly, once more running off to the cottage and coming back this time with a glass in one hand and a big jug of water in the other. Then, as she watched him drink, and again filled the tumbler, she said rather shyly, "What did you mean a little ago, about coming through? Would you mind telling me?"

The old man looked up sadly at [illegible] little face before [illegible] these isn't for the like of you. But if you like, I'll tell you why I can't bear the sight of that stuff. I had a bonny, bonny boy once, just about five years old he was; him and his mother were as like as could be. Well, one night I stepped into the "Raven," just to hear the news like, for I never were bad for the drink, and while I were chattin' in the parlor, some fellows came into the bar. In a little bit there was such a roarin' and laughin', I went to see what was up. My little Jim had followed me, Miss, and they'd caught him, and given him the cursed stuff till he could hardly stand. I knocked two of 'em down, and took my boy home, but they'd poisoned him, Miss. He always were a delicate little chap, and had been ailin', and that finished him. He never were no better after that. Poor little Jim."

Amy waited, her eyes filled with tears, and presently the old man went on, "My wife weren't strong, and she couldn't bear it, and now I'm a lonesome old man with little cheer, but if ever I take that to try and forget things I'll deserve all I've borne twice over! Don't you touch it, little Miss. I'm not the first by many a one as could tell you of the pain and sorrow it brings them as meddle with it. Good day, Missy, and thank you."

The old man rose and trudged wearily away, and Amy ran in to tell her mother about the queer old man's story and his advice. "And I never shall touch it, mother," said Amy stoutly, "never."—*Adviser.*

NOT A HELP, BUT A HINDERANCE.

Dr. Andrew Clark, for twenty-five years physician to one of the largest hospitals in England, and who accompanied the Princess Louise in her voyage to Canada, in a speech delivered in London at a recent meeting, in connection with the Parochial Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, related the following experiment to show the fallacy of the popular idea that beer strengthens a man and makes him better able to work:—

The most loyal, careful, faithful, and truthful of observers whom ever it was my good fortune to know—the late Dr. Parkes of Netley—began life as a physician in London, and would have risen, I have no doubt, had he remained there, to be one of the first physicians of this metropolis, but his health was not good, and he went down to Netley. He was an earnest lover of truth, and this question of alcohol exercised his mind continually, and he tried in various shapes and ways to bring the question to such a test that even the most sceptical might be convinced by the results of his experiments. He performed this one amongst others. He got a number of soldiers of the same age, of the same type of constitution, living under the same circumstances, eating the same food, breathing the same atmosphere, and he did this that the experiment might be fair, and he divided the soldiers into two gangs—an alcoholic gang and a non-alcoholic gang—and he engaged these two gangs in certain works for which they were to be paid extra. He watched these gangs and took the result of their work, and it turned out that the alcoholic gang went far ahead at first. They had buckets of beer by their side, and as they got a little tired they took beer, and the non-alcoholic gang were in an hour or two left nowhere; but he waited and watched as I told you, and as the experiment went on, the energies of the beer drinkers speedily began to flag, and, do what they would, before the end of the day the non-alcoholic gang had left them far behind. When this had gone on for some days the alcoholic gang begged that they might get into the non-alcoholic gang that they might earn a little more money; but Dr. Parkes, in order to make the experiment clenching and conclusive, transposed the gangs. He made the alcoholic gang the non-alcoholic gang, and *vice versa*—the men being very willing to lend themselves to the experiment, and the results were exactly the same. The alcoholic gang beat the non-alcoholic gang at the starting, and failed utterly toward the end of the day. This is the most conclusive and, I think, by far the most crucial experiment that I know of upon the question of the relation of alcohol to work. With that I will set aside this question by saying, from personal experience and from experiments most carefully conducted over large bodies of men, it is capable of proof, beyond all possibility of question, [illegible] only does not help work, but it is a serious hinderance of work.

THE SURGEON'S KNIFE.—A TRUE STORY.

BY REV. A. F. NEWTON.

A short time ago I was visiting in New York city with a friend who is studying medicine One afternoon we went to one of the large hospitals where the medical students study surgery by witnessing operations performed by the professors. It had been published that there was to be an amputation, and the large lecture room was crowded with students and physicians.

Everything was finely arranged so as to promote all possible cleanliness and comfort. At the appointed hour the professor entered the amphitheatre. The lady nurses, with their clean white caps and white aprons, flitted noiselessly about their duties. In a few moments the assistant wheeled into the room the patient who was to undergo the operation. There was a breathless stillness as they gently placed the unconscious sufferer on the amputating-table.

How little can we realize the wonderful mercy of ether! What blessings its discovery has bestowed! After the patient was placed in the proper position and the surgeon had put on a long white apron everything was ready. The operation required the amputation of the leg just below the knee-joint. The bandages were removed. Oh! such a horrid sight we never saw before. The poor fellow's foot was a purplish black. The flesh was raw and putrid, and the infection was working toward the knee. The mass of corruption hardly looked like a human foot. Every remedy had been applied to save the limb, but in vain. The leg was carefully and firmly bound above the knee with rubber tubing. The ether was again administered. The heavy breathing of the patient indicated his unconsciousness. And then the surgeon took his knife. With great care and skill he cut through the skin to the bone, entirely circling the leg in the shape of two semicircles, so as to give a good lap over the ends. With a single sweep of the knife the flesh was severed. Then the saw severed the bones, and the foot was carried away by an assistant. The arteries were carefully tied, the flesh lapped over the end, the blood was gently wiped away, the bandages carefully adjusted, and the man with a footless leg was wheeled back to his cot in the hospital ward. To one who never saw an amputation before all that I have described was terribly real. It was no easy matter to convince myself that the surgeon's knife was not felt by the patient. At the first sight of the terrible gash it seemed as though the man must groan with the pain. But the blessed ether saved him from pain then.

But what accident injured that foot; what disease corrupted that human flesh? It was not an accident, it was not a disease; it was the awful result of frost. Yes, during the terribly cold nights just before New Year's the young man got drunk. Some friends picked him out of the gutter beastly intoxicated. He was kindly placed in a waggon and carried to the hospital. During the night he had lost his shoe, and his foot was so frozen that nothing could save his life except the surgeon's knife.

What a warning for the youth who is smiling over his first social glass! What a lesson on temperance that poor fellow will experience when the pain of the healing limb is felt! As he hobbles through the world his regrets will not restore his foot. His friends may aid him, but they cannot undo the work of that awful night. Oh! how true, how true of the wine-glass, "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." When you are tempted do not touch the accursed glass; there may be lurking in that glass woe and suffering, even the surgeon's knife.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

A HARMLESS AMUSEMENT.

As the public just now are exhibiting some little anxiety to satisfy themselves whether or not tobacco smoking is a pleasant and harmless amusement, or the terribly gradual and subtle destroyer of the constitution that many affirm it to be, I will narrate the result of my experience—my case probably not being an isolated one, as it seems pretty generally conceded that immoderate smoking is more or less injurious according to individual temperament, and moderate smoking positively injurious to some, and very likely smoking, I had enjoyed almost uniform good health. The habit once acquired, I rapidly passed in its indulgence from moderation to excess, and a gradual breaking up of my good health ensued. My color, previously fresh, became pale and sallow, and after a series of more or less distressing symptoms of decaying health, which I cannot well describe, a running tumor formed in my back, which resisted every attempt at cure for a period of three years. During all this time, so far from attributing my miserable condition to its real cause, I smoked incessantly. My eyes were at last opened. A friend very dear to me was gradually sinking into a state of a confirmed drunkard. Frequently I remonstrated with him on his folly, but of course without effect. At last, I suppose, wearied with my importunities, half in anger half in jest, he offered to abstain from drink for three months if I would cease from smoking for a similar period. Though somewhat startled with the challenge, I accepted it, and at the end of that time my back was so much better, and my general health so greatly improved, that I felt I had unintentionally unmasked my foe, and I resolved never to smoke again. This resolution I have adhered to, and now I am well again. I don't know whether this letter will be worth the space it will occupy in your columns, but the correspondence which has lately appeared seems to show that an anxious interest is being taken in this subject—one that is fast becoming of national importance. The injury done by drink seems to have been reduced to figures; is it impossible for some statistical genius to give us a bird's eye view of the injury done by tobacco?—*Cor. Manchester Examiner.*

MEDICAL MEN AND FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

Some years ago a medical man in Hertfordshire was applied to by a Friendly Society, banded together upon temperance principles, to undertake the medical department of the society. The doctor did not at first understand that they were temperance men, and asked rather high terms. The secretary said, "Are you aware, sir, that we are all total abstainers from intoxicating drinks?"

"No," said the doctor, "I was not aware of that. If that is the case, I will take you all for one shilling per head a quarter, for I know you will not trouble me much."—*British Workman.*

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

FIND OUT THE SOUL'S SECRET.

BY RAY PALMER, D.D.

Among those who enjoy the advantages of religious education there are probably very few who do not at an early period find themselves often and tenderly affected by the great truths of religion. The soul, either by constitutional instincts implanted in it by God, or through the influence of early religious instruction, or, in connection with both, touched by the divine Spirit, becomes conscious of greatly quickened sensibility. It feels an indefinable sense of sinfulness, of spiritual want and restlessness, and of perplexities from which it knows not how to escape; and along with these, a God-ward yearning the meaning of which it does not understand, and a desire for sympathy and guidance.

A young person in such a state is in a critical condition. Like one bewildered in a forest, he sees dark shadows on every side, but no open and certain path. He has frequent hours of serious, and even deeply anxious, thought about himself. "What am I?" he asks. "What was *I* made for? What is to be my future course in life? What is to become of me in the end?" Perhaps he is familiar with the Bible; and the story of Jesus of Nazareth, of his life of purity and love, of his cross and passion endured as the Lamb of God, has sometimes very tenderly touched his heart and made him feel his need of such a Saviour and such a sacrifice. He wants counsel, but dreads to disclose what is passing in his heart even to a Christian father or mother or dearest Christian friend. So he gropes about in an uncertain twilight, not knowing precisely what he ought to do, and unless some one shall happen to comprehend the case who has the skill to find and use the key that unlocks the heart, the auspicious season is likely to pass by, to be succeeded, too probably, by indifference or resistance to the demands of conscience and religion.

It is, then, of the utmost importance that those who would lead souls to Christ whether parents, should thoroughly understand this matter. Thoughtful children, and thoughtful youth still more, are apt to be reticent in relation to the subject of personal religion; and to open conversation on this topic is, to them, very difficult, in many cases almost impossible. The writer well remembers that when, in his boyhood, he often wet his pillow with many tears because his heart was aching in conscious need of a Saviour and an assurance of a heavenly Father's love. He could not gather courage to speak of it to any one, but shut up in his own breast his conflicting thoughts and emotions. There were kind Christian friends who, suspecting, possibly, something special in the case, occasionally took him by the hand and expressed their good wishes for his spiritual welfare, but gave him no opportunity, or rather, did not help him to tell what was passing in his heart. Not themselves finding out his actual state of feeling, they did him little good. It was partly from his own early personal experience that, in after years, he was led, as a Sunday-school teacher, a father, and a pastor, to strive to find such access to those he wished to benefit as would allow him to open the secret chambers of the soul, and learn what was there concealed. In making this effort he has often been surprised to find that such access, wisely sought, was readily obtained, and that the almost certain result was that the Christian life was soon decisively begun. A few words spoken with a full understanding of the case has at once opened the pent-up fountains of feeling, and decisively turned the current of the soul.

Let me illustrate by an actual case which occurred in my experience as a pastor. It happened one winter that there seemed to be more than the usual thoughtfulness among the young people of the congregation, and I was doing my utmost to reach decisive results. But the religious interest seemed, in the case of most, to stay at a certain point or stage, and that a little short of the final yielding of the soul to Christ. There were, however, two young ladies of good families and culture, and very close friends, who had not only manifested no religious feeling, but had together, beyond their wont, been apparently absorbed in the gayeties of social life. I had watched them anxiously, but had seen nothing that encouraged effort to reach them personally. But at length a relative with whom one of them—I will call her Jenny—was staying, was taken ill, and I went to see her. Jenny received me, and showed me to the room of the invalid, and then withdrew. After conversation and prayer, I returned into the parlor, where, as I entered, I found my young friend standing at one end of the mantel-piece, near an open-grate fire. As she turned pleasantly toward me, I said, in a kind and familiar tone, "Well, Jenny, you do not care at all for these things, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, I do indeed!" she said with an instantly changed expression; and, leaning her elbow on the mantel, she covered her face with her hand, and I immediately saw the tears trickle through her fingers.

I was glad of an opportunity to draw her out, and immediately added, "You quite surprise me. I have thought of you often, but have observed, through the winter, that you were giving yourself up to social pleasures of all sorts, as if entirely happy in them."

"Yes," she replied; "but I have been anything but happy. I have enjoyed nothing. I am tired and sick of such things, and I know I shall never be happy until I am a Christian in heart. Others think me light and gay, but my heart is aching all the while."

Then she went on and freely told me what her state of mind had actually been. This seemed to open for me the way to be of service to her. So, after a few brief suggestions, I invited her to come to me for further counsel, and was about to go, when she eagerly enquired, "Have you spoken on this subject to my friend Miss B. of late?" "No, I have not," I answered. "I have thought it would do no good at present." "But you have been mistaken," she said. "I know that she feels just as I do, and I beg you to see her soon."

Then a new thought struck me. "I will," I replied; "but you must help me. Will you speak with her, and invite her in my name to come with you to my house? Come together to-morrow evening a little before sunset. If you wish to avoid notice, come, if you please, by different ways, and the matter will, of course, be wholly between ourdo what I suggested.

At the appointed time they both came, and with serious earnestness assured me that it was their determined purpose to find the way to Christ, if possible, and to be guided by my counsel. The interview was a deeply interesting one; and when, after instruction and prayer, I dismissed them, I said, "Would you like to come to me again next week?" they gladly assented; and I added, "Can you not possibly bring one or two others with you, who may now be ready decidedly to enter on a Christian life?" "We shall try," they said. They came the next week with two or three others, and the two or three succeeding weeks increased the number to nine or ten—all young ladies from seventeen, perhaps, upward. They came one by one and attracted no attention. I took my seat near the middle of the room, and they gathered in a little circle round me. They frankly told me their difficulties, and asked such questions as they chose and I endeavored to help them to plant their feet on the Rock of Ages. Then we sang a hymn together, and I commended them to the renewing and forgiving grace of God, in the simplest words, asking that through the power of the Holy Ghost the love and peace of Christ might take full possession of their souls. What took place in this way, in that parlor, was known, beyond my own family, only to the persons concerned, or any friends to whom they chose to speak of it. I believe that not more than one of that precious band is now among the living; but all of them, I think, with a single exception, professed their faith in Christ soon after, and that one, held back at the time by special circumstances, died a few years since in the peace of Christ. The same was true of others, and not one of them, to my knowledge, ever turned back from the Christian life so begun. I love to think of them now as among those whom the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne leads to the living fountains of waters. Such were the direct and blessed results of finding the way into the secrets of a single heart.

Let it be understood, then—would that it might also be deeply felt!—by every pastor, by every father and mother, and especially let me say, as writing for the times, by every Sunday-school teacher, that to penetrate the secret of each individual heart, and to learn its actual state of religious thought and feeling, is in very many cases a grand condition of success in leading souls to Christ. One's influence for good, in nearly every case, will be immeasurably increased if this be done. A pastor, with so great a number committed to his charge, cannot always do it, and is a loser to the extent in which he cannot. A parent or a teacher should be able to do it easily. Doubtless the task will be easier to some than it will prove to others. But to stop short of accomplishing it is to diminish by very many degrees one's prospect of attaining the end in view. It is certainly true that they who have been most eminently successful in winning others to the Saviour, whether in the ministry, the family, or the class, have been those skilful in finding their way to thoughtful hearts, and drawing out the hidden workings, the profoundest anxieties, conflicts and struggles of their souls.

Make faithfully the experiment, O teacher! Take time, take great pains, if need be, to see, in an easy and familiar way, each member of your class alone. When this point is gained, seek not to force the door of the heart, but in the sweetness and gentleness of love so to solicit it that it shall freely open of itself. Then follow up wisely your advantage, and you may expect a rich reward. Otherwise you will work but blindly, and, not improbably, will work in vain.—*S. S. Times.*

THE CURRENT SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

OCTOBER 23.—LEV. 7: 11-18.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "Communion with God." A missionary from the East once said, that one of the greatest hinderances to the elevation of the people was that the families did not eat together. Very much of our acquaintance, of mutual help and love, comes from the family gatherings at the daily meals. The feasts of the church together at the Lord's Supper, the meeting often with God and his people at some joyous feast dedicated to him, are great helps to a more intimate acquaintance

II. "Expressions of gratitude." President Hopkins, of Williams College, used to tell his classes that if our religious feelings have no appropriate forms of expression, the feelings themselves will die out. If we do not take a reverential attitude in prayer, we shall lose the spirit of prayer. It is true that if a tree is stripped of its leaves, and kept so, it will die. If we do not express our gratitude and love to God, we shall lose what we have; but by expressing them they are increased, hence these offerings.

III. "Sing, sweet nightingale," said a shepherd to a silent songstress on a lovely evening in spring. "Ah!" replied the nightingale, "the frogs make such a noise that I have lost all pleasure in singing: dost thou not hear them?"—"I hear them, indeed," returned the shepherd, "but thy silence is the cause of my hearing them."—*W. F. Crafts.* So let us be so full of gratitude that we shall not hear the grumblings and complaints that otherwise would fill our life.

PRACTICAL.

1. All the forms prescribed by God were full of spiritual instruction.
2. Communion with God, as one of his family and friends, is the need of men.
3. When we commune together in God's house, our souls are doubly knit together.
4. A spirit of thankfulness should be cultivated.
5. Our spiritual feelings need to be expressed; expressing them increases them.
6. Our whole daily life is better for devoting portions of it directly to God. Sundays bless all the week-days. Morning prayer gives spiritual life to all the hours.
7. The Lord's Supper is one of our feasts of joy and thanksgiving.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The peace-offerings were the means of communion with God, through the worship of thanksgiving, and gifts to God of their daily sustenance. (1) The peace-offering was a union of God, his ministers, and the people, in a joyous feast of grateful love, as the Lord's Supper should be. Show what is communion with God, and how we may attain it. (2) The thanksgiving-offerings were those peace-offerings that expressed gratitude by devoting to God part of his daily gifts to men, bringing religion into the daily life, and cultivating a thankful spirit. (3) Vows and voluntary offerings are expressed now by giving to God's cause in token of some mercy or prosperity he has given us.

OCTOBER 30.—LEV. 10: 1-11.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "Scripture examples."—Ananias and Sapphira, Acts 5: 1-11; Jonah, Pharaoh, Moses, Num. 20: 1-13; a prophet, I Kings 13: 1-25; Uzzah, 2 Sam. 6: 1-12.

II. "This severe punishment" was sent in order that, by destroying the tendency to disobedience in the beginning, it might not so increase as to destroy God's whole work of training the nation. One noxious seed destroyed may prevent hundreds of millions from filling the fields. He that destroys the first parent insects upon his garden plants, in that one stroke destroys multitudes that otherwise would spoil his garden. He that puts out the little fire may save a city from burning up. So God's act of severity here was one of purest mercy.

III. I had moved into a new house; and, in looking over it, I noticed a very clean-looking cask headed up at both ends. I debated with myself whether I should have it taken out of the cellar and opened to see what was in it, but concluded, as it looked empty and nice, to leave it undisturbed, especially as it would be quite a piece of work to get it up stairs. I did not feel quite easy. Every spring and fall, I would remember that cask with a little twinge of conscience, from the thought of a house not perfectly cleaned while it remained unopened, for how could I know but under its fair exterior it contained some hidden evil? For two or three years the innocent-looking cask stood quietly in my cellar, then most unaccountably moths began to fill the house. I used every precaution against them in vain. They increased rapidly, and threatened to ruin every thing I had. I suspected carpets, and had them cleaned. I suspected my furniture, and had it newly upholstered. At last the thought of the cask flashed upon me. It was brought up, its head was knocked in, and thousands of moths poured out. The previous occupant of the house must have headed it up with something in it that bred moths, and this was the cause of all the trouble. Now, I believe that, in the same way, some innocent-looking habit or indulgence, about which we now and then have little twinges of conscience, lies at the root of most of the failure in this higher life.—*The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life.*

PRACTICAL.

1. Responsibility is in proportion to our privileges.
2. Wilful disobedience must be promptly punished, for it is the most aggravated of sins.
3. The punishment was the work, not of hate but of love, to prevent sin from ruining the nation.
4. It is wicked to set up our short-sighted judgment against the direct commands of God.
5. Whatsoever nation or individual disobeys God's laws, imagining they know better what is good (as to the Sabbath, the family, the penalty of murder, &c.), is sure to come to grief.
6. We must not only do what God commands, but in the way he commands.
7. Strong drink misleads the judgment, and brings multitudes to death.
8. Strong drink shuts men from a holy life and from heaven.
9. There should always be maintained a wide distinction between the right and the wrong.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

By this lesson a strong impression can be made upon children, in regard to one of their most common and dangerous sins, Disobedience. (1) Dwell first on the nature of the sin of Nadab, wilful disobedience. (2) Then naturally follows (ver. 2) the punishment of disobedience. (3) Note thirdly, The effect of this punishment on the people, vers. 3-7, 10, 11. (4) Call attention to one probable cause of sin—intemperance, (vers. 8, 9)—showing its danger in leading to many other sins, and final ruin. (5) And, lastly, show them how they may escape.

I HAVE lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.—*Jean Ingelow.*

THEIR REWARD.

A SEQUEL TO "WHAT TWO LITTLE GIRLS DID."

(*Concluded.*)

The woman recognised the little girls, and came quickly across the street.

"Why, Mrs. Weaver! I didn't know you at first," said Ellen.

"And no wonder," answered the woman, looking serious for a moment, and then letting a smile break all over her face. "Sometimes I hardly know myself."

"Do you live about here?" asked Katy.

"Yes. We moved out of that miserable old shanty down in your neighborhood long ago, and now rent just the nicest little house. There," and she pointed along the street—"you see the white cottage with green blinds and a rose-bush and honeysuckle climbing up the side. That's where we live. And that's my man sitting in the porch, reading. There's no kinder man in town," added Mrs. Weaver, dropping her voice, "if liquor can be kept away from him. Thank God! he isn't tempted at every corner as he used to be. Poor man! Drink had taken such a hold of him that he couldn't resist when [illegible] it. Oh, it was a happy shops were closed; and not only for us, but for more than twenty families I could mention right among my own acquaintances.

"Mr. Weaver didn't work in the quarries a week after liquor-selling was stopped. He's a capable person, and knows how to manage men. Mr. Lyon, who owns the quarries, wasn't long in taking the hammer and drill out of his hands when he found that he could depend on his keeping sober. And now he has charge of all the quarries, and gets fifty dollars a month."

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear it!" said Katy.

"So glad!" repeated Ellen.

"And it's all come of shutting up the bars and dramshops," said Mrs. Weaver. "They say," she added, "that two little girls wrote a letter for the newspaper and set the whole thing going. We were not subscribers to the *Banner* then, and so I didn't see the letter they talked about. God bless their souls, say I! If I knew their names I'd pray for blessings on their heads night and day."

"You don't want to borrow our coal sieve," said Ellen, archly. She was afraid her blushes would betray her, and so quickly turned the thought of Mrs. Weaver into quite a new channel.

"Bless your dear heart, no!" And the woman laughed. "We've got tons of coal. Enough to take us clear through the next winter." Then, with a changing manner, she added,

"You and your mother were very kind to us, Ellen, and I can never forget it as long as I live. The days were very dark then; so dark that I lost hope in the morning." And she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Just take a look at my man as you go past the cottage," she said, a moment after, rallying herself as she turned to leave Ellen and Katy, "and see how contented he looks, reading. I'm so happy about it that I go almost beside myself sometimes."

Mr. Weaver looked over the top of his newspaper at the girls as they passed, and said:

"Good afternoon, young ladies."

"Good afternoon, sir," they returned.

"Why, it's Miss Ellen and Katy!" He had recognised them. "Oh, you must have a bunch of flowers." And laying down his newspaper, Mr. Weaver cut two small bouquets of half-opened buds from a climbing rose-bush. Presenting them, he said, with a slight tremor in his voice,

"For the two little girls who wrote that letter in the *Banner*."

Dropping their eyes, and turning their faces aside, Katy and Ellen took the flowers and went hastily onward.

"Did I guess right?" said Mr. Weaver to himself, as he looked after them. "Dear children! May God's choicest blessing rest on them, for they were His ministers, and the work given into their hands was indeed well done!"—*Selected.*

EVERY to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or of faith.

OUTLINE DRAWING LESSON.—VISIT TO THE SICK.

CARED FOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACK THE CONQUEROR," "DICK AND HIS DONKEY," &c.

(*Children's Friend.*)

CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

"Trust where you cannot see,
My Father loveth me."

The good ship "Hesperus" was bearing bravely onward over the waves of the Atlantic Ocean. Very soon the welcome shores of Old England would greet the longing eyes of those who had been absent from her for years, seeking their fortunes in the distant land of Australia. The passage had been a good one, free from alarms and misadventures. A female passenger had died on board, but she who had been taken away was so little known that the event caused but a slight sensation.

Yet to two young beings in that ship she had been everything, for she was their loving, tender mother.

Captain Jelf was a general favorite with his passengers. He was considerate and attentive, and had done his best to secure their comfort.

"Three more days and we shall be in England, papa!" exclaimed a happy little girl who had just heard the glad news from the stewardess, and was dancing about the deck in great glee at the thought of seeing the land of which her parents so often spoke with affection.

"Do you hear that! Three more days and we shall get to England!" echoed a group of young ones who were busily employed stitching together some bright bits of colored stuffs to form a flag, intended to be hoisted in the highest spot their own small hands could reach when England came in view. "We will soon be wanted."

"Good news, my dear Mary," said a gentleman to a pale lady who had never quite got over her tendency to sea-sickness. "You will have but three more days of sea, and then old England!"

"And home, sweet home," replied she, with a glad smile, "Oh, how I long to see it again!"

And so the glad tidings spread from one to another, and everybody began to speak of their arrangements and their plans on first landing. Letters were begun that were intended to be posted immediately the vessel came to shore. Hearts beat high with anticipation, for most of those on board had been separated for years from beloved friends and relatives who were as eagerly in their turn watching the papers for the first intimation of the arrival of the "Hesperus."

"Did you hear what those children said, Phil?" asked a sweet-looking little girl of about seven years old. "They say we shall be in England in three days!"

"Yes, I heard, Susie. I wish we could make the ship go slower; I don't want to get to England, because you and I have nowhere to go, no one to care for us."

The boy who spoke was a fine sturdy lad of eleven or thereabouts. Young as he was, there

was a good deal of determination expressed in his countenance and a thoughtful look not usual at his age. Nestling close to him, with her head resting on his shoulder, was the little blue-eyed sister who had just called his attention to the remarks made near them, that they were to reach England so soon. To Philip the news evidently brought no pleasure.

They were sitting behind a great sea-chest, and were consequently unobserved by the captain and mate, who were standing together at a little distance, but near enough for every word they said to be heard by the brother and sister, who were however, little interested in the business matters being discussed relative to the ship. Suddenly the mate said—

"What is to be done with the young Arnolds, captain, when we arrive? They don't seem to have a relation or friend in the world. The boy talks of some cousin of his mother's, who would perhaps receive them; but it is years, I believe, since they heard of her, so it's a poor look-out for them. Anyhow, they must be put somewhere."

"Poor little souls!" replied the captain—"no friends, no money. There is but one case—they down in such a the Union. I pity them with all my heart, for a nicer, better brought-up pair of children I never carried across the seas They are worthy of a different berth than the Union, but anyhow they'd get food and shelter there, and be looked after, in a way."

"I suppose there's no help for it, and that go they must," said the mate, who had grown fond of them, and was the father of children himself. "But I fear they'll be very unhappy there, for it will be a great change to them. They had a comfortable home in Australia, I expect, and their mother seemed so superior-like. I've a horror of Unions. The life is just like a prison one, I'm told. May it never be the lot of my young ones to go there!"

"They'll soon put out the boy somewhere," said the captain, "and the girl will be kept till she can earn her own living. Being so young, the change won't be so badly felt by them as if they were older."

"God help them," said the kind-hearted mate. "My locker's not full enough to enable me to give them a berth, or I'd do it."

The captain and mate walked away to the other end of the ship, little supposing that every word they had said had been heard, and that they had sent terror and deep dismay into the hearts of the forlorn pair, who, ignorant of England, gathered from them that they were immediately on their arrival going to be sent to a dreadful place, much resembling a prison, because they were entirely destitute.

"*Must* we go to that place they have been talking about, Philip?" asked Susie, who looked searchingly into her brother's face to see what the effect of the conversation had been on his mind

"They will want to take us there, Susie, and we can't help ourselves, I'm afraid, for we may not stop in the ship. And we have nowhere to go to on land."

PHILIP AND SUSIE ARNOLD ON BOARD SHIP.

"But we shall always keep together, Phil, shan't we?" asked the child, creeping still closer to him, as if half in fear it would not be so.

"No, Susie, and that's the worst part. Didn't you hear them say they would soon put me out somewhere, and then you would be left all alone, and I should hardly ever see you, and how could I take care of you as mother told me to?"

"What *shall* we do, Phil? Oh, don't leave me ever!" The boy made no reply, except by passing his arm round his sister. The action reassured her, and her face brightened. Phil would never consent to leave her, she was certain.

Their history was this. Their parents had in early life been, one a butler, the other a lady's-maid, in a gentleman's family, and very highly respected. When the establishment was broken up by the death of its master, Arnold found himself in a position to marry Mary Liner, to whom he had long been attached. His master had left him one hundred pounds, and this, with their own savings, enabled him to carry out a project he had long thought of —to go and farm a bit of land in Australia. Neither he nor Mary had any near relatives or ties to keep them in England. Some told him that his scheme was a rash one, as he knew little about farming, and his life as a butler had not been such as to fit him for the hardships of a bush life. Mary Liner, too, was not very strong, and had been accustomed to comfort and refinement. But Arnold was set upon carrying out his plan, and Mary loved him well enough to follow him whithersoever he wished to go. So they married and started on their long voyage. Things prospered for some years, for Arnold was industrious and steady. Two children were born, who learned early to be independent, and almost from infancy to give aid in the daily work of a bush home; and they were so carefully taught to read and write by their mother, that perhaps few children of their age in England were as forward.

After some years had passed, Arnold's health failed, and in consequence affairs began to go down with him. He struggled on as well as he could, but in vain. He had some severe losses on his little farm which greatly depressed him, and perhaps hastened on the illness which eventually was fatal. His widow found herself alone with her two children in what was still to her a strange land, and with no other money than could be raised by the sale of such little property as was left after disposing of the greater part of it in order to defray the expenses of her husband's long illness.

"Look to your mother and sister when I am gone, boy," his dying father had several times said to him. "Help them, care for them; you must be a man for their sakes." The words were not lost on young Philip, and [illegible] really supply his place to them. With the help of a neighbor or two, they arranged their passage in the "Hesperus," which cost nearly all the money Mrs. Arnold possessed But once in England, she had good hopes she could obtain employment, being a good needlewoman and clever in various other ways.

Captain Jelf often pitied the sorrowful-looking widow who constantly sat apart with her children on the voyage home. The mate also spoke many a kind word to her and to them. But they noticed that Mrs. Arnold's cheek grew thinner and whiter every day, and she began herself to feel a breathlessness and other symptoms which could not but remind her that her mother and her only two sisters had died of a rapid consumption. For a time she turned her mind from the fear, but when one night she ruptured a large blood-vessel she could no longer disguise from herself the fact that her life, too, was nearly ended, and that her children would soon be without mother as well as father.

(*To be continued.*)

A KIND WORD is seldom in vain; it is a seed which, dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

The Family Circle.

"MUCH MORE."

If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him. —JESUS.

My children seem a part of me,
In body, mind, and heart;
And as the years go hasting by,
Ever a larger part—
Through childhood, youth, and manhood too,
Ever a larger part.

For them I'd sacrifice all wealth,
Full rich when they were nigh;
For them would toil, and moil, and drudge,
For them would dare to die—
Yes, if my death were best for them
I'd go without a sigh.

And yet my Heavenly Father's love
My utmost love exceeds;
In love he chastens, guards and guides
And daily clothes and feeds—
Oh! with the trust that children have
To leave with him my needs!

To serve him, too, with filial fear,
And love with filial love,
To love and serve with cheerful hope,
Till called to come above.
My Father, fit thy sinful child
For the pure home above.
—*American Messenger.*

BORROWING A QUARTER.

Three city boys were on their way home [illegible] look at anything, from a circus to a dog-fight.

"O boys, just look!" cried Charlie Thorn.

"What? where!" exclaimed his companions. They were now pointing to a thick, green-covered volume in the window, Charlie exclaimed,—

"Why, there's the 'Arabian Nights'—real good, not torn a bit, marked 'Only twenty-five cents!' Full of pictures, too!"

"Oh!" said, or rather sighed, Edgar Denny and Will Farnham.

Three faces were pressed close to the book-seller's window, three pairs of eager eyes gloated over the treasure; for to what ten or twelve-year-old boy is not "The Arabian Nights" a treasure?

Neither Edgar, Charlie nor Will had ever read the wonderful book; but one of the latter's cousins had done so, and had retailed one or two of the stories to Will, and he, in turn, had repeated them to his two friends. And to think that all this—roc's eggs, one-eyed caliphs, sparkling jewels, genii, palaces—might be obtained for twenty-five cents!

"I say," remarked Edgar, doubtfully, "has any fellow got a quarter?"

No fellow had; what was worse, the united wealth of the three "fellows" amounted to just seven cents.

"Perhaps, if I tell papa about it, he'll buy it for us," suggested Charlie.

"Pshaw! Somebody'll snap it up before you can get to your father's store. A bargain like that isn't to be had every day."

"If Tom Baker sees it, he'll buy it sure pop! He's always got money," sighed Edgar. "If he hadn't been kept in, like as not he'd have bought it before this."

Suddenly Will's face brightened. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a one-dollar bill, and announced his intention of buying the book.

"A dollar! Where did you get it?" asked Charlie, in amazement.

"'Tisn't mine; it's Aunt Mary's. She gave me a dollar this noon, and asked me to pay fifty cents that she owed to Mr. Jennison, the apothecary, you know. She will not be home until late this evening; and in the meantime I can run over to grandma's and get a quarter she owes me for some eggs I sold her my little bantam's eggs! Aunt Mary will not mind, if I do borrow a quarter from her for a little while."

So the treasury of marvels passed into Will Farnham's possession, and the three happy boys made immediate arrangements for reading it aloud, turn and turn about. At every street corner they paused to look at "just one more picture," and it was with a violent effort that Will tore himself away to "run up to grandma's."

"But you boys may look at it while I am gone, if you'll bring it to me before supper," he remarked graciously, as he left them.

Unfortunately he got to his grandmother's just a little while after she had left home for a two days' visit to one of her sons; so the little bantam's eggs could not be paid for then.

"Oh, well, it can't be helped now," Will said to himself. "Grandma is certain to give me a quarter in a day or two, and I'll tell Aunt Mary about it as soon as she comes in."

When he got home his mother told him to put his aunt's change on her bureau, and then run to the grocer's and get some sugar for tea. After supper he betook himself to his new book, and soon was a thousand years and a thousand miles away. He dimly heard some one ask him about Aunt Mary's money, and he gave a dreamy answer; and his father had to speak to him three times before he realized that it was bed-time.

Of course, he for the moment forgot all about the borrowed quarter. Conscious of "good intentions," he felt no anxiety about the matter.

"Isn't it too bad, Will, that our new cook, who makes such nice cake and pie, is not honest, and mamma's got to discharge her?" said his sister Jennie the next morning.

"Yes, it is a pity. What has she taken?"

"Not very much; but, as mamma says, it shows that her principles are not good. She or some fairy (for there was not a person but her in the room from the time you went there until mamma went in and discovered it) took a quarter out of Aunt Mary's room. You put the change on her bureau, on a little blue mat."

"That was where I saw it," said Mrs. Farnham.

"Then it was lucky for your purse, Aunt Mary," said Will with a sigh, or you would be fifty cents poorer instead of twenty-five."

"What do you mean? I lent you no quarter!" was the surprised reply.

"No; but I borrowed it."

"Did you then lay but one quarter on the bureau?" asked his mother.

"Yes, ma'am. I borrowed the other."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Farnham, with a sigh of relief. "Then the cook is not dishonest, and I have unjustly suspected her."

"I am very sorry that I did not explain sooner," said Will, earnestly.

"So you ought to be! But suppose you explain now," interposed his father, a little sternly.

And Will told the whole story; adding, "You see, Aunt Mary, I didn't know that grandma was going away, and I thought I could get the money at once."

"Oh, it is all right. You were welcome to the money," answered his aunt.

"I disagree with you, Mary," exclaimed Mr. Farnham quickly. "I think there is a great principle at stake, and that Will did not do right. There is but one step, one very little step, between borrowing a thing without its owner's permission and stealing."

"O papa!" cried Jennie, horrified at the word, "our Will wouldn't steal!"

"I sincerely hope and firmly believe that he would not; but no one can tell what he may do under strong temptation. The clerk who borrows his employer's funds fully intends to restore them. Yet how often we read of a clerk or cashier involving himself beyond recall, just by 'borrowing' a few thousands to speculate with. I once knew a gentleman, highly educated and very intelligent, whom I would have trusted with my whole fortune, such implicit confidence did I and all who knew him have in his thorough integrity. He had a few hundred dollars invested in real estate, and felt himself honest (as our Will did) when he 'borrowed' a less sum from his employer's funds to invest in some stock that was sure to sell at a high price. Even if he lost all, he knew he could repay it in a day or two, long before his employer needed it. Unluckily, he did not lose. So he 'borrowed' again, and won; and yet again. And so on, until one fine morning the tables turned, and he lost—lost seven thousand dollars!"

"Poor man! What did he do?"

"What could he do? He confessed his dishonesty, but he could not make restitution. So he was sent to a State prison, and died there, overcome with humiliation and contrition. You see, Will, what an honest man may be led into by borrowing another's goods without permission."

"Father, I am very sorry I did it. I felt so sure of being able to pay it at once! But I can understand now why you say there is such a little step between borrowing without leave and stealing. O mamma, did you accuse cook?"

"No, I only suspected her. I waited to be very sure."

"There it is, Will! You came very near being an innocent cause of great injustice to cook, and of great trouble to your mother. It is easy to commit an apparently trifling fault, but difficult, nay, impossible, to foresee what calamities may result from it. 'Abstain from all appearance of evil,' is a good motto for boys as well as men."—*Frances E. Wadleigh, in Christian Register.*

HOW OUR DISTRICT SCHOOL WAS "TONED DOWN."

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"The first class in arithmetic will take their places," said little Miss Bardwell, the teacher in the "Wheeler" district, and the boys and girls in the back seats came in a harum-scarum way down the aisles to their position on the floor.

"Not quite so much noise," said the teacher, pleasantly, lifting her white little hand in a warning way, at which Tom Snow pretended to be frightened, and dropped his slate upon the floor with a great racket. To add to the confusion, Charlie Wells, feigning to trip his foot, fell sprawling upon the floor. At this all the boys shouted and laughed, the little girls almost giggled themselves double, while the big girls, every one of whom was larger and taller than their teacher, tittered behind their books.

"I hope you have [illegible] tones, as she assisted Charlie to rise; who, at the light touch of her hand on his coat sleeves, made a great ado, pretending his arm had been broken by the fall. His mock groans and ridiculous grimaces raised another laugh, but order was soon restored, and the lesson over "Partial Payments" went on very well until a shower of chestnuts began to rattle around the room as if they had been shaken from a tree by a strong wind.

Miss Bardwell looked about her in amazement, and as she was trying to ascertain who the culprit was, one of the flying nuts hit her forehead, making a black-and-blue spot that lasted for weeks. Two or three of the smaller children who had been hit now fell to crying, and little Jennie Swift lisped:

"Pleathe, schoolma'am, it is Georgie Burrowths, and he is up overhead."

"George Burrows will take his place in the arithmetic class immediately," said Miss Bardwell, with decision, casting her full blue eyes upward to a dark square hole in the middle of the ceiling of the little country school-house.

Presently a pair of immense cow-hide boots, followed by a pair of long, slim legs, an ungainly body, and a rather repulsive face, appeared through the scuttle, and after hanging a few moments by the long arms in mid-air, dropped upon the floor, and hitched along to one end of the recitation-seat.

"Alvin Brown will go to the blackboard and do the second example in Partial Payments, while the rest of the class will give me the United States rule for computing the interest required in these examples," said the teacher, not appearing to notice as yet the shameful actions of her pupils.

Alvin was a short little fellow, and he began his exercise by heaping up a pile of stove-wood under the blackboard.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Miss Bardwell.

"So I can begin at the top of the board. These sums in Partial Payments stretch out like thunder."

This speech evoked the expected laughter, of which the teacher wisely, under the circumstances, took no notice then. Matters now progressed quite orderly for a while, until the woodpile upon which Alvin was perched tumbled down, and boy, wood, and all were rolling over the floor. The uproar that ensued after this greatly exceeded that which followed the former disturbances.

"Marshall Perkins will go out and get me a switch," said Miss Bardwell, with some severity. "I cannot put up with such shameful actions." So Marshall ran out of the schoolroom for the instrument that was to be used on some of his mates, with great alacrity.

"Please, schoolma'am, can I go home?" asked little Helen Newton, jumping up; "my stomach aches."

"What makes your stomach ache, my dear?" asked the teacher, laying her hands caressingly on the curly head of the child.

"Oh, it always makes my stomach ache when the big boys are whipped, and I want to go home."

Hereupon Marshall returned with a tiny bit of an apple-tree sprout, not big enough to hurt a kitten, and handed it to the teacher. "You know very well, Marshall, that will not do," she said. "James Fox, you may go over there, across the road, and see what you can get—something fit to punish these unruly boys with."

James was gone a good deal longer time than it took Marshall to go on the same errand, but when he did return it was with an old, large, disused fishing-pole that he had found on the bank of the brook that ran near the school-house. After the tumultuous laughter evoked by his appearance in the school-room with that unseemly and unwieldly rod of correction in his hand was suppressed, Miss Bardwell, saying that it was now twelve o'clock, dismissed the school, and without another word quietly left the room and proceeded to her boarding place near by. She said no more as she went out, but the delicate purple veins now so clearly defined in her white neck and face, and the trembling lids and tear suffused lashes of her eyes, told how deep the wounds had been made by this brutal conduct on the part of her "big boy" pupils.

"Boys," said James Fox, after he had watched her out of the yard, "she was crying when she came round the corner of the school-house; I saw her face [illegible] window—that I" cried Marshall Perkins, who was devouring the plump quarter of a mince-pie he had just produced from his capacious dinner-basket; "I never thought she was going to feel so bad about it. All the other teachers before have got mad and scolded, and it was such fun to hear 'em sputter."

"I think we've treated her plaguy mean," said Charlie Wells, who was dividing a big red apple with Rosa Holton, "and I, for one, am ashamed of myself."

"And she's just as patient as a lamb, too," said Walter Willard, as he was making way with a huge slice of bread and butter; "if she wasn't patient she couldn't ever have made me see through Long Division as she has."

"Mother saw a lady at Trenton, the other day," said Rosa, "who knew all about Miss Bardwell. She said she was the best girl that ever lived. Her father and mother are both dead, and she has educated herself, and now takes care of a lame brother, who is this winter away down at Dr. Sweet's in Connecticut, to be treated."

"And he makes pictures of birds and animals," spoke up Winthrop Goodrich, "and Miss Bardwell wants to educate him so he can be a painter, and support himself that way."

"This lady," went on Rosa, "said that Miss Bardwell was a—a—let me think—what was the word—oh, a conscientious teacher; that she chose teaching for a living, because she thought she could do ever so much good in that way, and she is very fond of children."

"And they say she's got a 'plendid education," said Rosa's little sister, Minnie, with her mouth full of gingerbread.

"She's good company, anyhow," said Tom Snow, who was the oldest scholar in school. "I was over to her boarding-place, last night, and she sung ballads and played new games, and was just as nice as a bouquet of May-flowers in March. I felt as mean as the 'old boy' the minute I dropped my slate on purpose this forenoon, and set you all agoing. I move that we all agree to behave better the rest of the term; now it's only just begun. We need somebody to tone us down a little, and take off the sharp edges. I know we scholars at the Wheeler district

are a rougn set as everybody says, and I, for one, am willing to be improved."

"And I," "And I," "And I," responded several eager voices.

"I t-tell you w-what," stuttered George Bangs; "I mo-mo-move we or-or-organize a society for the improvement of our m-m-manners, and put in Tom Snow for pr-pr-president."

"All right," said Tom with a laugh; we won't spend time talking about it either; and I motion that we set to work at once, and clear up the school-room, and put things in order."

"Splendid!" cried Florence Caldwell. "I will sweep, while the boys pick up the wood. Sister Mary, you run home and get our stove-brush and blacking, and the rest of you go to the woods and bring some pine boughs and bitter-sweet berries to put over the windows and door and the blackboard."

"And I will run home and get my new illuminated motto, 'Order is Heaven's first law,' and hang it over the clock where we can all see it," said Flora Judd.

The result was that thirty willing pairs of hands had transformed the untidy, plain, little school-room into a bower of beauty before the return of the teacher at one o'clock. She came in with a weary and discouraged look, her eyes very red from weeping, and a large patch of brown paper on her forehead, where one of George Burrow's chestnuts had struck her that morning.

When she opened the school-room door, and found the floor, which was usually littered up with fragments of lunches, apple-cores and chestnut and walnut shells, neatly swept; the large cast-iron stove polished as black as the coats of the crows that kept up such a cawing on the neighboring pines; the bare walls decorated with green boughs and red berries, and a little bouquet of scarlet geranium on the teacher's desk, and the illuminated motto hanging up behind it—her look of pleased surprise was touching enough to move the most prosaic of her pupils. In a corner near the desk stood a slim, tough, walnut [illegible] which surely never had been placed there had not the boys made up their minds that there should be a necessity for its use. The water-pail [illegible] above it.

The scholars, who had by their disorderly habits for the previous week nearly driven this patient little teacher to distraction, were now quietly in their seats, and at the first touch of the bell took out their books, piled all but the one each needed at first neatly on one side of their desks, and fell to studying with a will.

The tearful smile which brightened up Miss Bardwell's face, as she took in the situation, from the motto over her clock to the individual demeanor of her pupils who seemed to be carrying out its sentiment, would have completely upset the newly-acquired dignity of the more thoughtless ones, had not Tom Snow's sharp eyes seen everything, and a warning shake of his curly head kept them in order.

Miss Bardwell said nothing about the happy change in the deportment of her pupils but the grateful effect penetrated her like a pleasant odor, and the old-time restful, yet cheerful expression gradually stole over and shone from her sweet face. She complimented, however, the good taste that had prompted and carried out the adornment of the school-room. As the remaining days of the term sped on, she did everything in her power to show her appreciation of the good conduct of her scholars. Never a school before made such rapid progress in study as well as marked improvement in manners, and there never had been such a delightful winter spent in that old Wheeler district school.—*N. E. Journal of Education.*

WAITING FOR THE GRIST.

BY MINNIE B. FENWICK.

"It is strange," said a gentleman who sat next to me in the car, and with whom I had struck up quite an acquaintance, "What an influence a look, a word, or the little act of a perfect stranger will sometimes have upon a person."

"Yes," said I; "more than any of us realize."

"It was the simple act of a stranger that changed the whole course of my life."

"Indeed! How so?"

"When I was a boy, my father moved to the then Far West—Ohio. It was before the days of steam, and no great mills thundered on her river-banks, but occasionally there was a little grist-mill by the side of some small stream, and hither, whenever the water was up, the whole neighborhood flocked with their sacks of corn. 'First come, first served.' Sometimes we had to wait two or three days for our turn. I generally was the one sent from our house, for, while I was too small to be of much account on the farm, I was as good as a man to carry a grist to mill. So I was not at all surprised one morning when my father said, 'Henry, you can get up old roan and go to the mill to-day.'

"Saunders's mill was ten miles away; but I had made the trip so often that it did not seem far. I believe one becomes more attached to an old mill than to any other building. I can see just how it looked as it stood there under the sycamores, with its huge wheel and rough clapboard sides.

"When I arrived, I found the North Branch and Rocky Fork folks there ahead of me, and I knew there was no hope of getting home that day; but I was not at all sorry, for my basket was well filled with provisions, and Mr. Saunders always opened his big barn for us to sleep in; so it was no unpleasant time we had while waiting for our grist. This time there was an addition to the number that had been in the habit of gathering, from time to time, in the old Saunders barn—a young fellow about my own age, probably a little older. His name was Charley Allen, and his father had bought a farm over on the Brush Creek road. He was sociable and friendly, but I instinctively felt that he had 'more manners' than the rest of us. The evening was spent, as usual, in relating coarse jokes and playing cards. Although I was not accustomed to such things at home, I had become so used to it at the mill that it had long since ceased to shock me, and, indeed, I was fast becoming a very interested spectator.

"'Well, boys, it is time for us fellers to go to roost,' said Jim Finley, one of the greatest roughs on the Rocky Fork, as he threw down his pack of cards and began to undress. We [illegible] much undressing we did though it was not mow; but we were so busy with our own affairs that we did not notice Charley Allen [illegible] by the oats bin, praying. [illegible] met with no response. The silence was only broken by the drowsy cattle below, and the twittering swallows overhead. More than one rough man wiped a tear from his eyes as he went silently to his bed on the hay. I had always been in the habit of praying at home, but I never thought of such a thing at Saunders's Mill. As I lay awake that night in the old barn, thinking of Charley Allen's courage, and what an effect it had upon the men, I firmly resolved that in the future I would do right. I little thought how soon my courage would be tested. Just after dinner I got my grist, and started for home. When I arrived at Albright's gate, where I turned off to go home, I found the old squire waiting for me. I saw in a moment that something had gone wrong. I had always stood in the greatest awe of the old gentleman because he was the rich man of the neighborhood, and now I felt my heart beginning to beat very fast. As soon as I came near he said, 'Did you go through this gate yesterday?' I could easily have denied it, as it was before daylight when I went through, and I quite as often went the other way. Charley Allen kneeling in the barn came to my mind like a flash, and before I had time to listen to the tempter I said, 'Yes, sir; I did.'

"'Are you sure you shut and pinned the gate?' he asked.

"This question staggered me. I remembered distinctly that I did not. I could pull the pin out without getting off my horse, but I could not put it in again; so I carelessly rode away, and left it open.

"'I—I—I—'

"'Out with it; tell just what you did!'

"'I left it open,' I said, abruptly.

"'Well, you let the cattle in, and they have destroyed all my early potatoes—a terrible piece of business!'

"'I'm very sorry, I'd—'

"Talking won't help matters now; but remember, boy, remember that sorrow don't make potatoes—sorrow don't make potatoes.'

"I felt very badly about the matter, for I was really sorry that the old gentleman had lost his potatoes, and then I expected to be severely reprimanded at home; but I soon found that they knew nothing of the matter, and after several days had passed I began to rest quite easy. Alas for human hopes! one rainy afternoon I saw the squire riding down the lane. I ran off to the barn ashamed to face him, and afraid to meet my father. They sat on the porch and talked for a long time. At last my curiosity overcame my fear, and I stole back to the house, and went into mother's room to see if I could hear what they were talking about. 'Why the boy could be spared well enough, but he don't know anything about the business,' said my father. 'There is one thing he does know,' said the squire, 'He knows how to tell the truth.' He then related the circumstance which I so much dreaded to have my father hear. After he had gone, my father called me to him, and told me that the squire was going to start a store in the village, and wanted a boy to help, and that I could go if I wanted to. I went and remained in the village, store until it blossomed out into a city store; and people say that I got my start in life when I entered Albright's store, but I will always maintain that I got it while I was waiting for the grist.—*S. S. Times.*

THE MISSION OF ONE HUMBLE DEED.

BY REV. THERON BROWN.

A young Swiss theological student, who had learned the English language, became intensely interested in reading a little English tract entitled, "It is I." He had a troubled friend, to whom he knew the golden words of comfort in that little book would be a great blessing. The friend could not read English, but so eager was he to communicate to him the precious treatise that he wrote out a French translation of it, and put it into his hands.

Some time afterward, when he was just about to be settled in his field of pastoral labor, the student lost his health, and went to Piedmont, to try the effect of the Italian climate. His heart was sad, for these days and weeks of enforced idleness seemed a waste, and he mourned over his suspended [illegible] he should [illegible] That he had done any good he was too diffident to think. It was hard to resign his hopes of usefulness, and say, "Thy will be [illegible]

One day during his [illegible] mountains, he saw, sitting in the door of a little cottage, a pale young man with a bandage round his head, and one arm hung in a sling. The student rightly suggested that this was one of the Sardinian soldiers sent home disabled from the field of Solferino. He approached the youth, thinking to say something in kindness—possibly something that could prove a blessing.

As he drew nearer he saw that the young soldier held a little book in his hand. It was in the French language. The student sat down, and began to talk with the young man, and the latter showed him what he had been reading. The little book, he said, had belonged to a pious comrade in the army, and it was the daily food of his soul—till death in the battle took him beyond its need. Dying he gave the book to his friend. The young man had read it again and again, and he told what a comfort it was to him.

The student read the title, "It is I." It was the tract he had himself translated in Switzerland. He did not know before that his work had ever found its way into print. But it had returned to him like bread flung on the waters.—*American Messenger.*

HOW JANE WAS CHANGED.

Mr. Moody tells of an Episcopal clergyman in England who was staying at a hotel, and was waited on by a little girl. He asked her, "Do you ever pray?"

"Oh, no, sir!" she replied; "we have no time here to pray. I am too busy to do that."

"I want you to promise me that during the next two months you will say three words of prayer every night, and when I come here at the end of that time I will give you half a crown."

"All right," she said; "I will do it."

"Well, I want you to say every night, 'Lord, save me.'"

He left, and two months after, when he came again to the same hotel, he enquired for Jane, and was told: "Oh, she got too good to stay at a hotel, and has gone to the parsonage up yonder."

He went to see her, and as she opened the door for him, she said: "Oh, you blessed man, you! I don't want your half crown; I have got enough already."

And then she told him how she had, at first, just carelessly gone over the words as she was going to bed at nights. But after the first two weeks she began to think what the word save meant. Then she got a Bible and found the words: "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," and the prayer was no longer a mere form.

"Now," she said, "I am happy, and I don't want your half crown. But I am so thankful you asked me to say that prayer."—*Ocean Grove Record.*

SOME TIME AGO a regiment in a garrison town had a mess dinner. There was a young officer present who for some time was addicted to drink. He had determined to give it up, and succeeded for some weeks, but then came the monthly guest night when all were supposed to drink. As the sparkling wine went round the table, he passed it by, and several of his brother officers laughed at him. At last he said, "Is there not one of you who will stand by a poor fellow;" but none would do so. He took his wine, and he was carried to bed drunk. That day fortnight some of his brother officers stood by his grave, and one of them who stood there was one of those who had sat at the table and did not determine to stand by his weak brother, and help him in his hour of difficulty. Never let it be said of any one of us that he had shown an example of want of sympathy or failed in helping a weak brother.—*Archdeacon Stewart.*

Question Corner.—No. 18.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

[illegible] history of the [illegible] captivity in Babylon?

206. Where do we get an account of their release and their return to their own [illegible] land?
[illegible] threw the three men into the fiery furnace, and over what country did he reign?
208. Who was the first king of all Israel and how was the country governed before they had a king?
209. Who were the last two judges of Israel and what other office did they hold besides that of judge?
210. How many years did David reign over Israel?
211. What city was the capital of the country during the first seven years of David's reign?
212. Who was David's first wife?
213. What man was spoken to by a beast of burden?
214. During the reign of what king of Israel was there a famine so great that an ass's head was sold for eighty pieces of silver?
215. What prophet used meal as an antidote for poison?
216. How was it that in the building of Solomon's temple no sound of axe or any tool of iron was heard?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Taken by the Medes.
2. Unending existence.
3. Sang a song with Deborah.
4. Worketh no ill.
5. A precious stone.

The initials form a highly prized book.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 16.

181. Ananias and Sapphira. Acts v. 1, 10.
182. Paul. Acts xxviii. 3, 5.
183. At Melita. Acts xxviii. 1, 5.
184. Stephen. Acts vii. 59, 60.
185. Matthias. Acts i. 23.
186. The queen of Sheba. 1 Kings x. 1.
187. Stephen. Acts vii. 59, 60.
188. Moses. Ex. xxxiv. 28.
189. In the land of Shinar. Gen. xi. 2.
190. To the church in Smyrna. Rev. ii. 10.
191. Manoah. Judges xiii.
192. The widow's son. 1 Kings xvii. 17. 22.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 16.—Dora Folson, 12; Rosalie A. Geary 11.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON IV.

OCT. 23.] THE PEACE OFFERING. Lev. 7: 11-18.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 11-13.

11. And this is the law of the sacrifice of peace offerings, which he shall offer unto the Lord.

12. If he offer it for a thanksgiving, then he shall offer with the sacrifice of thanksgiving unleavened cakes mingled with oil, and unleavened wafers anointed with oil, and cakes mingled with oil, of fine flour, fried.

13. Besides the cakes, he shall offer for his offering leavened bread with the sacrifice of thanksgiving of his peace offerings.

14. And of it he shall offer one out of the whole oblation for an heave offering unto the Lord, and it shall be the priest's that sprinkleth the blood of the peace offering.

15. And the flesh of the sacrifice of his peace offerings for thanksgiving shall be eaten the same day that it is offered; he shall not leave any of it until the morning.

16. But if the sacrifice of his offering be a vow, or a voluntary offering, it shall be eaten the same day that he offereth his sacrifice: and on the morrow also the remainder of it shall be eaten:

17. But the remainder of the flesh of the sacrifice on the third day shall be burnt with fire.

18. And if any of the flesh of the sacrifice of his peace offerings be eaten at all on the third day, it shall not be accepted, neither shall it be imputed unto him that offereth it; it shall be an abomination, and the soul that eateth of it shall bear his iniquity.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High.—PSALM 50: 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH—Fellowship follows reconciliation.

INTRODUCTORY.—From chapter 2 we have the rules to be observed by the people for (1) The meat, or vegetable, offerings, ch. 2; (2) The peace offerings, ch. 3; (3) The sin and trespass offerings, ch. 4: 1—6: 7. Then follow rules for the priests in all these offerings. Our lesson contains these rules in regard to the peace offerings.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Get the spiritual significance of these sacrifices. Consider the reasons you have for making thank-offerings; through Christ's sacrifice you obtain perfect and everlasting peace.

[illegible] or vows in prayer at the special dedication of anything, or for future blessings, Num. 6: 14; Lev. 23: 19. Oxen, sheep and goats could be used, without distinction of sex. Pigeons and doves were not used. The mode of offering is described in chap. 3. It was similar to that in burnt offerings, except that the victim was shared between the altar, priests and the offerer; the offerer the rest of the animal. Meat or vegetable offerings always accompanied the peace offering; these are specially treated of in our lesson, under the two kinds of thank-offering and vow-offering. The original word "peace" signifies a condition of prosperity or of concordance between two parties.—Vows, were voluntary pledges made to God. The custom of making vows was common among the Hebrews, and among heathen nations, from the earliest times. The Hebrews recognized three kinds: Vows of devotion, of abstinence, and of destruction.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE THANK OFFERING. (II.) THE VOW OFFERING.

I. THE THANK OFFERING.—(11-15.) THIS IS THE LAW, to the priests; for directions to the people, see 3: 1-17; THANKSGIVING, acknowledgment and praise for special favors, deliverance, &c.; UNLEAVENED CAKES, very thin, made of fine flour: no leaven was allowed because of the command, Lev. 2: 11; oil, from olive berries; frankincense was alsondded, 2: 1; WAFERS, thin dough baked by being "spread out" on the outside of the oven, while the cakes were baking within, 2: 4; ANOINTED, spread; FOR HIS OFFERING, a distinct one from the preceding, not offered on the altar; OF IT, of the leavened loaves; WHOLE OBLATION, one loaf of each kind of meat offering was to be the officiating priests'; HEAVE OFFERING, so called because the gift was "lifted" upward, while the wave offering was waved from side to side; SPRINKLETH, throweth; THE SAME DAY, probably to guard against pollution, &c.

II. THE VOW OFFERING.—(16-18.) VOW, see Notes; VOLUNTARY OFFERING, a simple, unconditional tribute of thanks for general blessings. The things offered were the same as in the Thank offering; REMAINDER, that which could not be eaten on the day of sacrifice, might be eaten next day, but not afterward. In this it differed from the Thank offering, comp. v. 15; THIRD DAY, after the sacrifice. If any remained till then it was not to be eaten, but had to be destroyed by fire; IT SHALL NOT BE ACCEPTED, the whole offering became invalid, ABOMINATION, "a polluted, foul thing," Ezek. 4: 14, to be held in the same estimation as an unclean animal, 11: 10-20; INIQUITY, i.e., the penalty of his iniquity, comp. v. 20; 19: 5-8.

TEACHINGS:

(1.) We have peace with God through faith in the sacrifice of Christ.
(2.) Special offerings to God for special favors received are right and good.
(3.) The best gift of God, Jesus, should impel us to give ourselves to him.
(4.) Keep the leaven of unrighteousness from God's house: worship him in the beauty of holiness.
(5.) The offerings of an impure heart cannot be accepted, but carry with them punishment to the offerer.

OFFERINGS FOR THE ALTAR were animal (1. Burnt-offerings, 2. Peace-offerings, 3. Sin-offerings) and vegetable (1. Meat and drink-offerings for the great altar in the Court, 2. Incense and meat-offerings for the altar in the Holy Place). Every burnt-offering and peace-offering was accompanied by a meat-offering and drink-offering, in proportion to the victim, thus:—

	Flour.	Oil.	Wine.
With a bullock,	$\frac{3}{10}$ ephah.	$\frac{1}{2}$ hin.	$\frac{1}{2}$ hin.
With a ram,	$\frac{2}{10}$ "	$\frac{1}{3}$ "	$\frac{1}{3}$ "
With a sheep or goat,	$\frac{1}{10}$ "	$\frac{1}{4}$ "	$\frac{1}{4}$ "

These offerings were (1) Public sacrifice, at the cost and on behalf of the "whole congregation" (e.g. daily morning and evening sacrifices, and those on festivals); (2) Private sacrifices, enjoined by law on particular occasions, or by voluntary devotion of the worshipper—as thank-offerings. Besides these, there were special sacrifices on the Day of Atonement, Passover, &c. A trespass-offering was a sin-offering, accompanied by a pecuniary fine.—"Notes on Old Testament, Oxford Teacher's Bible."

LESSON V.

OCT. 30.] NADAB AND ABIHU. Lev. 10: 1-11.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 1-3.

1. And Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took either of them his censer, and put fire therein, and put incense thereon, and offered strange fire before the Lord, which he commanded them not.

2. And there went out fire from the Lord, and devoured them, and they died before the Lord.

3. Then Moses said unto Aaron, This is it that the Lord spake, saying, I will be sanctified in them that come nigh me, and before the people I will be glorified. And Aaron held his peace.

4. And Moses called Mishael and Elzaphan, the sons of Uzziel the uncle of Aaron, and said unto them, Come near, carry your brethren from before the sanctuary out of the camp.

5. So they went near, and carried them in their coats out of the camp; as Moses had said.

6. And Moses said unto Aaron, and unto Eleazar and unto Ithamar, his sons, Uncover not your heads, neither rend your clothes; lest ye die, and lest wrath come upon all the people: but let your brethren, the whole house of Israel, bewail the burning which the Lord hath kindled.

7. And ye shall not go out from the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die; for the anointing oil of the Lord is upon you. And they did according to the word of Moses.

8. And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying,

9. Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou [illegible] shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations:

10. And that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, and between unclean and clean.

11. And that ye may teach the children of Israel all the [illegible]

GOLDEN TEXT.—Ye shall be holy; for I am holy.—LEV. 11: 44.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—God is not to be mocked.

INTRODUCTORY.—After the Tabernacle had been completed, and all the directions for its service given, Aaron and his four sons being solemnly installed in the priesthood, they entered upon their duties. Their first service was rendered most impressive by God sending fire to consume the sacrifice, in token of acceptance. Then followed the dreadful events with which our lesson opens.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—God demands absolute purity of motive in his worship, and implicit obedience. His righteous judgments on the wilful sinner are swift and terrible.

NOTES.—NADAB ("liberal") AND ABIHU, ("whose father is he"), the two eldest sons of Aaron; prominent among the Israelites; and among those favored by God to accompany Moses and Aaron up into Mt. Sinai, Exod. 24: 9, 10. had been consecrated to the priesthood only the week before their sin and death, ch. 8.—MISHAEL, "who is what God is?" AND ELZAPHAN, "whom God protects," sons of Uzziel, cousins of Aaron and Moses, and Levites.—UZZIEL, "might of Jehovah," a Levite, fourth son of Kohath, Exod. 6: 18; brother of Amram, therefore uncle of Aaron and Moses; ancestor of the Uzzielites and Kohathites.—ELEAZAR, "God's help," third son of Aaron; succeeded him in the High-priesthood, Num; 20; 28; tradition says he died about 25 years after Moses.—ITHAMAR, "land of palms," fourth son of Aaron, consecrated priest with his three brothers, ch. 8; ancestor of Eli the High-priest.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) DESECRATION PUNISHED. (II.) HOLINESS COMMANDED.

I. DESECRATION PUNISHED.—(1-5.) NADAB AND ABIHU, see Notes CENSER, "a vessel used for the purpose of carrying the fire in which the incense was burned, taken from the perpetual supply on the altar of burnt-offering."—"Schaff's Bible Dict."; INCENSE, see Exod. 30: 34-36, and Lesson I., Explanations; STRANGE FIRE, either a fire kindled at a source other than the altar, which was afterward expressly forbidden, 16: 12; or strange incense, i.e., not prepared according to God's command, Ex. 30: 37 38, or it may have been offered at an unauthorized time or for wrong purposes of mere display, and perhaps while the two priests were intoxicated, cf., v. 9; BEFORE THE LORD, any place in front of the Ark and between it and the Brazen Altar; here perhaps the Altar of Incense in the Holy Place; FROM THE LORD, from the Shekinah in the Most Holy Place; DEVOURED, killed, like a stroke of lightning; DIED BEFORE, ETC., outside the Tabernacle, cf., v. 4; LORD SPAKE, when and where are not recorded; THEM THAT COME NIGH ME, i.e., priests, Ex. 19: 22; HELD HIS PEACE, was silent, in humble submission to God's righteousness; MISHAEL AND ELZAPHAN, UZZIEL, see Notes; BRETHREN, relatives; OUT OF THE CAMP, to bury them there. Criminals had to be executed outside the camp, and all dead were there buried.

II. HOLINESS COMMANDED.—(6-11.) ELEAZAR AND ITHAMAR, see Notes; UNCOVER, set free, loosen; HEADS, i.e., their hair. To let the hair flow loose and dishevelled was a common sign of mourning, so was the tearing of the clothes from the breast; YE DIE .....WRATH COME, as a punishment. Priests and their garments were sanctified; to disfigure and tear them would be desecration; BEWAIL THE BURNING, i.e., the sin that had made it necessary; NOT GO OUT, ETC., i.e., they might not leave their priestly duties in order to attend to the claims of mere earthly feelings and relationships, cf. 21: 10-12; DOOR, entrance; ANOINTING OIL, see Ex 30: 23-33, the symbol of the Holy Spirit, and of their special consecration to God and separation from the world; WINE, made of grape juice; STRONG DRINK, any intoxicating liquor made from wheat, barley, apples, dates, etc; WHEN YE GO, ETC., i.e., when performing priestly functions, cf. 1 Tim. 3: 2, 3; PUT DIFFERENCE, be able to distinguish, and show others the distinction; HOLY, what is consecrated to the Lord in the Tabernacle service; UNHOLY, better, "common," not consecrated; UNCLEAN, whatever defiles according to the law; all else was "clean."

TEACHINGS:

(1.) God's punishments are swift and severe.
(2.) God demands reverence and obedience.
(3.) Let nothing interfere with your duty to God.
(4.) Strong drink makes men unwise and unholy.

WHY IT WAS.

BY REV. JOHN WAUGH.

A missionary of former days said to the writer; "Many years ago I set out to labor for Christ in Indiana. A friend, who had been a long resident, was with me to give me such information as might be necessary. I remarked that the land around us was low and of a very poor quality." "True," said he, "but wait a little, and I will show you as handsome a prairie as our Heavenly Father ever made." We rode on, and gradually the land spread out before us rich in its soil and carpet of verdure, most inviting to the eye. "Do you see that brick house yonder?" "Yes." "Well, the owner living in it has had two sons hung." "You behold that stone house?" "Certainly." You may think it remarkable, but the builder and resident of it has two sons in the state-prison." "You cannot fail to see that house to the left [illegible] son hung." "Farther on, do you see that grove, and that house pretty well set back?" "Yes, I can see it distinctly." "The man living there has a son in the state prison." "Over there you [illegible] man living there has had a son hung."

The facts stated led me to ask my informant, "How came these things to happen? The record is as black as any I ever heard. Do give me the needed explanation." "I will do so in brief. When I settled on the other side of the marsh, those people settled there. The land, as might have been foreseen, proved very productive. They cultivated corn, wheat, oats, and planted orchards. The markets paid good prices. They soon came to be wealthy. The grain marketed in the fall left them little to do in winter; so they gave themselves up to dissipation. They built neither a church nor a schoolhouse. Their children grew up idle, ignorant and vicious. Their apples were turned into cider; and their winter evenings were given up to conviviality. Soon cider was not strong enough, and other intoxicants came into use. They had frequent parties, and these parties meant dancing; and the dancing meant drinking; and the drinking meant drunken revelry; the drunken revelry a fight, and the fight meant, too often, a murder. These are but the outlines. I need not enlarge upon the particulars."

Our misionary friend set me to thinking. How much unwritten history is there of similar neighborhoods and villages? How well would it be if we had some Old Mortality to go over the land, and gather in the details of the early settlers, and what institutions and influences they left behind them? Sodom-settlers will leave behind them Sodom inhabitants. A few God-fearing people established in the wilderness will make it blossom as the rose; and godless pioneers in the well-watered plain of Jordan will only prepare it for the baptism of fire and salt.—*Am. Messenger.*

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